Noah's Flood:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF THE

General Deluge.

AN

OPERA.

Being the Sequel to

Mr. *Dryden's* Fall of Man.

Non illo melior quisquam, nec amantior æqui
Vir fuit, aut illâ reverentior ulla Deorum. Ov. M.

LONDON: Sold by *R. Parker* and *G. Strahan* in *Cornhil*; *W. Taylor* in *Pater noster row*; *W. Mears* and *J. Browne* without *Temple-Bar*; *C. King* in *Westminster Hall*; *J. Graves* and *Geo. Harris* in *St James's Street*. 1714.

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THE Copy of the following Opera coming accidentally to my Hands, I consulted several of my Friends, whom I knew to be competent Judges of the Performance; and they all concur'd with me, That the Author could not but design so perfect a Piece for the Press; tho' by what Accident prevented is unknown to us.

To the READER.

It seems by the Title Page to be intended a Sequel *to Mr.* Dryden's Fall of Man; *and I hope will not be thought to come far short of that Excellent Piece. 'Tis hop'd also that the Criticks will let this Posthumous Birth scape their Severity, since it's Parent is unknown or not in Being; and therefore claims a Candid and Courteous Reception among 'em.*

Vale.

Noah's Flood, &c.

Act I.

The Scene being Open'd, Hell *is represented with Spirits in several Postures of Torment; hideous Howlings and Lamentations are heard, and several are Flying cross the Stage; The Scene on a sudden Shifts, and represents* Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, Asmody, Moloch, *and* Belial, *at which, Songs of Joy and Triumph are heard, all Advancing from a Rowling Lake of burning Brimstone.*

Luc. BID 'em their Shrieks and Howlings now refrain,
And let each Soul make Musick with his Chain;
For at this juncture all from Pain are free,
And *Hell* it self shall find a *Jubilee.*

Beel. It shall be done. [*Flits swiftly from 'em.*

Luc. The happy Time is nigh,
I plainly see't i'th' Records of the Sky;
The Characters of Heav'n with ease are found,
Read there——The Universe shall soon be drown'd.

Sat. The wat'ry Planets in Conjunction ſtand,
Ready to pour their Vials o'er the Land.

Beel. The Sea, Inſulting like a Conquering Foe,
Doth daily many Iſlands overthrow,
Still threatning all that doth it's Force withſtand,
And only waiteth for the great Command.

Aſm. The little Rivulets run ſwiftly on,
As with their haſte, they'd meet the Ocean,
And joyn their Force with his, all ſwell ſo high,
They ſeem the Deluge in Epitomy.

Mol. The Sea, Springs, Lakes, the World with Fear enſlaves;
And threats another Chaos made of Waves.

Luc. Thus far with brave Succeſs we have Prevail'd,
And in our direful Projects never fail'd.
You han't forgot, how ſubt'ly I did win
The firſt form'd Man, and taught him how to Sin;
How Shamefully he from his Bliſs was driv'n,
And Baniſh'd from his Paradiſe of Heav'n;
How ever ſince they toil, and live Forlorn,
And even fear Damnation e'er they're Born.
It was a Deed, ſo exquiſitly Great,
I almoſt did their Lives anticipate;
And rather than have loſt it, I would bear
Double Damnation, doubled with Deſpair.
I ſaw that if he fell, the World would fall,
And in his Ruin, I ſhould Ruin all.

Sat. Your Prophecy will ſoon have End, Mankind
Is grown ſo Baſe, there are but eight deſign'd
To Populate the World again.

Mol. Thoſe few

Tho' saved from the Deluge, we'll in the Ark subdue.

Luc. That Task, great *Moloch*, we design for you.

Mol. And with such Force I will the Ark invade,
I'll cause a New Creation to be made.
For in one Day, his six I'le ruinate;
'Tis easier to Destroy, than to Create.

Luc. Go *Moloch*, and observe the ways of Man.

[Moloch *flies away.*

We'll bring their Period lesser than a Span;
Let us be all Employ'd in this Brave Deed.

Beel. We do not question, but it will Succeed.

Luc. Let every Spirit chuse his proper Vice,
What he can most Prevail in, most Entice,
And with your Cunning'st Guile declare your Art,
Playing your Engines into ev'ry Heart;
For fear the World turn Pious, and Repent,
And so this Universal Flood prevent.

Asm. By you, great Sir, was the first Act begun,
You did the Father Ruin, I the Son;
At his Devotions, and i'th' midst of Pray'r,
I rais'd up *Envy*, and that caus'd *Despair*;
Seeing his Offering despis'd, he threw
The Altars down, and straight his Brother slew;
And for the Deed, a Vagabond is driv'n,
And never more must View the Face of Heav'n:
So by one Act, I do both Brothers Slay,
Envy alone, would the whole World Betray.
This is my chief Delight, this very Sin
I've Cull'd from all, to be my Concubine.

Sat. That which I moſt affect, is dire *Deſpair*,
To fill Men's Souls with Grief, Diſtruſt and Fear,
Horors and Furies, ſeize each Vital part,
And Irkſome Maladies, ſhall Plague the Heart,
In gentle Sleep, when their Wrack't Souls repoſe,
With Dreadful Viſions I their Reſt oppoſe;
Nay at the Altars, as they Proſtrate lye,
Asking Forgiveneſs of the Deity,
I make 'em, Atheiſt-like, high Heaven deſpiſe,
And 'ſtead of Pray'rs, they utter Blaſphemies,
With deſp'rate Madneſs, they their Lives deſtroy,
And think in Dying, they ſhall Bliſs enjoy,
They long for Death, and Death muſt be their end,
To ſome the worſt of Foes, to them the Happieſt Friend.

Beel. Pride and *Ambition*, are my Darling Joys,
My Minion Pleaſures and my Dear Decoys;
With thoſe ſweet Poyſons, I Man's Soul inſpire,
Like us they would be always mounting higher;
None is Contented with his proper State,
But ev'ry Slave would be a Potentate;
Prowd in Ambition, all to Rule are giv'n,
Subjects would Monarchs ſway, great Monarchs Heav'n.
The Holy Hermits, who all Praiſe Defy,
Do Cloak their *Pride* under Hypocriſie;
Their ſeeming Sanctity, their Hearts reveal,
And they are Proud, in that they Pride conceal.
This Luſt of *Pride* in every Soul is ſeen,
She over all the World is Regent Queen.

Luc. Yov've rais'd my Spirits high, I long to Roam
Lord over all, and view this World in Foam.

To

To see the Cataracts of Heaven fall,
And spread its Waters o'er this mighty Ball.
'Twas well design'd of the great Conqueror,
And in't he show'd his Wisdom, and his Pow'r;
For their hot Lust a Deluge does require,
And should he stop, the World would be on Fire.

[Moloch *lies down.*

Mol. At length, great *Lucifer*, the Ark is made.

Luc. If that be Finish'd, then the World's Betray'd.
'Tis Joyful News, now the great Period's come,
And all must Wallow in the Wat'ry Tomb.
The Birds and Beasts, with Man, confus'd must lye,
And Fish, in their own Element shall Dye.

Sat. What has been Ages Building, we'll Destroy
In a few Days, and in it's Ruin Joy.

Bel. But how it shall be done, I cannot tell,
For Hosts of Angels will keep Centinel,
And round the Sanctuary always stay,
Questioning all that shall advance that way,
And with strict Guard defend it Night and Day.

Mol. The Way is eaſy, and the Passage fair;
Know from all parts all Creatures do repair,
And round the Ark reside, waiting the time
When to their place of Safety they shall Climb,
Then with the rest, I, in some Borrow'd Shape,
Will enter in, and so the Guards escape;
There Lurking close, I'll in some Corner lye,
Few think of Danger, when it is most nigh;
And soon into their Private Thoughts will pry.

There at the least Advantage, I'le fly in,
And teach this great small World of *Eight*, to Sin.
If this should fail, I'le fill each Soul with Rage,
And all the Ark a Civil War shall wage;
The Beast with Fowl, Father shall fight with Son,
Till with Intestine Strife, they're all undone.

Luc. Bravely design'd, may the whole Ark be curst,
And may'st thou prosper, as I did at first;
Whilst you're within, Plotting their sudden fall.
We'll hovering be without, and wait your Call;
Then we'll Combine, and at one dreadful Blow,
This Remnant of the World, we'll overthrow.

Asm. This will prove hazardous, and hard to gain,
What cost a hundred Years to build with pain,
Was never sure design'd to be in vain.

Sat. Still with fond Reason, you our Acts debate,
Sure, we that won the World, may Conquer *Eight*.

Luc. To me Methinks, it may with ease be done,
For scarce above a Century is run,
And all the World is in Confusion.
You talk like Fools, such a Caball as we,
Are able sure to check Eternity.
Retrieve our former States, and mount on high,
Shining all Glorious Monarchs of the Sky.
Such mighty Storms, I o'er the Deep will rear,
Shall make Omnipotence it self Despair;
Tho' he be Lord of Heav'n, I'm Prince o'th' Air.

Asm. Yo've rais'd my drooping Soul from Sluggish Sleep,
Methinks I see it Sinking in the Deep.

Beel. If through his Anger, the great World doth fall,
We will by his Example, Drown the ſmall.

Luc. With Storms and Whirlwinds, we our ſelves will
And Plunge i'th Gulf, this Huge *Leviathan.*

Enter ſeveral Pious Men.

But ſee thoſe Pious Men, whoſe Holy way,
And Heavenly Life, falſe *Woman* ſhall betray;
Their ſweet Repoſe of a Contented Life
Shall have an end, in that curſt Name of *Wife.*
Woman, our fureſt Engine to Deceive
Mankind, firſt taught to them by Ancient *Eve*,
And with ſuch Zeal, they do the Trade perſue,
Hanging out Sighs, and Smiles, and Pearls of Dew,
They Cheat———
Not Men alone, but ev'n us Devils too:
They Shift ſo oft, and rowl from Sin to Sin;
From *Pride* to *Malice*, then to *Pride* again;
Now in this Form they Sin, then in that Shape,
Like Water graſp'd they do our Hands eſcape;
So if we tempt in *Luſt*, from *Luſt* they fly
To *Rage*, and then from *Rage* to *Jealouſy*;
Yet though we miſs 'em here, we find 'em there,
And ſtill are ſure, although uncertain where;
Nay they ſo faſt, ſo ſwift Sins Mazes tread,
So ſurely follow our Dire Clew of Thread,
They'r here with us in Hell, altho they'r ſcarcely Dead.
Behold they do appear.———

Eve

Enter divers Fair Women Dreſt in Wanton Garments, they paſs over the Stage Singing and Dancing.

1 *Rel. Man.* See where they come, each does ſuch Charms diſplay,
My Pure Devotions at their ſight decay,
And as they paſs, they Steal my Heart away.
I've often ſeen 'em Dancing hand in hand,
Yet with my Zeal I did their Force withſtand;
But now I'm loſt, to Pray is needleſs now,
For whilſt I Pray to Heav'n, to them I Bow.

2 *Rel. Man.* Like a brave Hero, I the Siege held out,
But Love my Army now has put to th' Rout,
Has enter'd in, in at theſe Eyes he came,
With a moſt Swift, and moſt Surprizing Flame,
And through each part, each Vein ſuch Heat doth run,
It Burns more fierce than the *Meridian* Sun.

3 *Rel. Man.* Devotion, Incenſe, Sacrifice, and Pray'r,
Farewel, You nothing to theſe Saints compare.
Adieu dear Books, once my Delight, Adieu,
[Throws away his Book.
Thoſe Golden Leaves muſt be my Study now,
All Arts and Sciences in them appear,
View but their Eyes, Aſtronomy is there.
They are that Bliſs, which but to gain we'd dye,
Therefore let's haſte, let each to's Pleaſure fly,
And ſo Anticipate our Joys to come,
Wearing bright Heavn's Crowns, without Martyrdom;

There

There live intranc'd, within the blest Abodes,
They proving still our Heaven, we their Gods.
Let's haste, for when such mighty Joys are near,
One Idle Minute lost, outvies a Year.

Enter the Fair Women Singing a Song.

The SONG.

I.

WHEN Charming Beauty does appear,
How can you then deny?
You think the Fruit forbidden here,
And if you taste you dye.
Lay your Religion but aside,
The Cloud which hides your Eyes,
And you'll for ever here abide,
And call it Paradise.

II.

You'll Fast and Mortify no more,
When once this Fruit you eat;
For if you taste, you'll ne'er give o'er,
'Tis so Divinely sweet.
Then boldly Venture to enjoy,
The Bliss of those above;
This Food doth only Fools destroy,
That know not how to Love.

III.

This Heavenly Tree you may ascend,
With Safety and with Ease,

See

See how the Boughs their Branches bend,
Desiring still to please;
Th' Immortal Juice, when drank by you,
Will keep you from all Harms:
But if you dye, we will dye too,
In one anothers Arms.

1 *Rel. Man.* O Divine Sound, see they again appear,
More Pleasant to the Eye, than to the Ear.

[*Advancing to the Women.*

Fair Goddesses; whose Looks are so Divine,
We all our Hearts do offer at your Shrine;
And if our Sacrifice successful prove,
We always shall admire, you always love.

1 *Wom.* In their Addresses still they can't forbear,
But they must Court in Sacrifice and Pray'r.

[*Aside to the rest.*

Grave Sirs, we doubt whether we may or no
Accept of that, you should on Heav'n bestow;
Or if we do, you'll still like Flames aspire,
And mount to'rds Heaven, but not our Charms admire;
Or when our Love, you should again requite,
You'll Sacrifice all Day, and Pray all Night,
And make Life's Scene all Mournful, no Delight.

1 *Rel. Man.* Grant us but Love, we'll lay aside our Zeal,
And though we Pray to Heav'n, to you we'll Kneel;
You our Devotion are, Religion, Pray'r,
And what we say is true, as you are Fair.

1 *Wom.* By these Expressions, your our Fears remove,
And we may now believe that you can Love;

Unless

Unleſs Religion's Path again you tread,
That Lab'rinth whoſe perplexed Winding Thread,
Leads you through Thorns and Briars, when you may
Tread upon Roſes, and make Sweet your way.

1 *Rel. Man.* 'Tis the worſt Madneſs, for a Man to ſtay
In Darkneſs, when he might enjoy the Day;
And now our Eyes are ope, we plainly view,
Our only Happineſs is plac'd in you.
The Azur'd Sky opens it's Purple Shroud,
And we behold our Heav'n, without a Cloud.
With Fancy's Pencil, we before did grave
Our Heav'n, and for a Goddeſs carv'd a Slave;
Chain'd to a Galley, in a Stormy Sea,
Rowing 'gainſt Wind and Tide, for Liberty,
But never gains his Port; ſo had we Steer'd
Our Courſe, had not Love's Beacon thus appear'd;
Your Eyes thoſe Lights are which direct our way,
Like Heav'n they Shine with an Eternal Day,
And who e're follows cannot go aſtray.

1 *Wom.* Now you confirm, all what you ſaid before.

1 *Rel. Man.* If you believe not, we will ſay much more.

1 *Wom.* You've ſaid enough, and we believe you kind,
You ſee our Bluſhes do declare our mind,
Our Maidens Modeſty they do betray,
As the Sun-riſing does Confirm the Day.
The Banquets ſpread, take, Eat, and make good Chear
There's no Reſiſtance, no Denials here.

1 *Rel. Man.* Of all theſe Dainties, only you I'le chuſe
And in Exchange, I would the World refuſe.

All

All Men. We'll follow you, but each so Pleasant is,
It is impossible to chuse amiss. [*Each takes a Woman.*

1 Rel. Man. Oh Joys Divine! Oh everlasting Bliss!
Sure the High Powers cannot deny us this.
To kiss, and press these Hands, to view those Eyes, [*Kissing the first Woman's Hand.*
The Starry Harbingers to Paradise.
If it be Sin, to be to Bliss enslav'd,
No Man upon the Earth would e'er be Sav'd;
Or if it be, what Mortal would not Sin,
If he were sure t'enjoy a Cherubin.

[*Exeunt Men and Women.*

Luc. From these Ill Hymens, shall a Race arise,
Whose Lust of Power, the World shall Tyrannize,
Lead the Earth Captive, and hold Heav'n in Scorn,
And Kings and Princes, shall their Pomps Adorn.
Yet though they this Triumphant Glory get,
They shall fall Prostrate at a Woman's Feet;
Resign their Sceptre but to stop a Frown,
And for a Smile, they shall present a Crown.
In these all Mischiefs, and all Sorrows dwell,
Wer't not for Woman, we should have no Hell.
But to his Task let every one repair,
Be Circumspect, and tempt each Soul with care;
Be sure you make 'em all of Heav'n despair.
For the Success we hitherto have found,
Let Hell in Universal Joy abound;
And as they Play, we'll here repose a while,
And mid'st our Torments, Strive to gain a Smile.

They

[*They lay themselves down, a Song is Sung, expressing the Joy they take in Destroying the World, and how their Pains are lessen'd in having made so Brave a Revenge, and in several Figures, Antick Dances are Represented; which done, they Vanish and the rest Fly out of Sight.*

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

The Scene *Represents a Glorious Sun in its full Meridian.*

[*Enter the Angel* Gabriel *and* Noah, *as in Discourse.*

Noah. AND is the time so nigh, can't Tears obtain,
A little Truce? are all Men's Pray'rs in vain?
Will not Oblations, nor Fierce Wrath abate,
Nor holy Sacrifice, drive back his Hate?
The Smell of Incense he was wont to Love,
Will not Sweet Savours mollifie or move?
Must all our Altars empty Cells bear?
Can't bending Knees prevail, nor fervent Pray'rs
To spotless Souls no Obstacle is giv'n,
Sincerity will ope the Gates of Heav'n.

Gab. You Argue well, but only you alone,
That great Prerogative of Love must own;
A Holy Life has all your Actions Crown'd,
Therefore both Grace and Favour you have found:
To you and yours, the Covenant is giv'n,
All else must Dye, under the Pace of Heav'n;
Therefore prepare with speed, for e'er the Sun
Hath Seven times more, over the Ocean run
This fatal Doom must come

Noah. Immense Divinity, there's non can scan,
'Tis too Mysterious for the Thoughts of Man;
Though all the World must Perish in the Flood,
Yet in Destruction, he is always good:
His ways unsearchable no bottom have
For often he destroys that he may save;
Strange Contradiction, yet as strangely true,
From the Old World, must rise a happier New:
As In the Vineyards we Old Branches Lopp,
That from their Stock may rise a better Crop.

Gab. You are the Vintage, which such Joys must bring,
You are at once both Priest and Offering,
And from your Loins, shall rise so vast a Birth,
Your Progeny shall People all the Earth:
Children, like Branches of the Vine shall spread,
And Clasping Tenderells, shall Crown your Head.
Clusters of Offsprings, from your Stock shall rise,
And new Create i'th' World a Paradise.

Noah. For this great Love how can I Tribute give,
When all's Destroy'd, to suffer me to Live?

His tender Love, is excellently high,
Thus to preserve so mean a Slave as I;
I do confess, I do his Image bear,
If that's the reason, he my Life doth spare,
All Mankind else should in this Favour share.

Gab. Of an unspotted Mould, he first Man made,
But with Base Sin, they since his Stamp allay'd;
And to his Image, they such Soils have giv'n,
The Coin will never Current pass in Heav'n.

Noah. How then shall I escape, since all do Sin,

Gab. You with Obedience do your Maker win:
Leave all the rest to him, and but Obey,
You need not fear the Resurrection Day:
Then you'll in Pleasing Anthems mount on high,
And Sing sweet Hallelujahs through the Sky.

Noah. You've to my Soul such Consolation giv'n,
Methinks like *Enoch*, I am snatch'd to Heav'n.
I'm in an Extacy at what you say,
And must fall down upon my Knees, and Pray,
What Soul would Sin, to lose Eternal Day. *Kneels.*

Gab. Rise up, and think of the great work in hand,
And with Obedience finish his Command;
Be sure your self and yours be ready there,
And of each Fowl, and of each Beast a pair;
Of the Clean Beasts, the Ark must seven contain,
But of Unclean, he doth but two ordain;
Take heed you fail not to perform his Will;

Noah. With Joy and Gladness, I'le his Acts fulfil.

Gab. Hail best of Men! I now must leave you here,
When the Time's nigh, I will again appear;

Be circumspect, and guard your Thoughts with Pray'r,
For the Apostate Angels lurk i'th Air;
They'll use all means, your tender Heart to win,
And with false Pleasures tempt your Soul to Sin:
All Hail! [Gabriel Flies away.

Noah. All Hail to thee, Thou Messenger of Heav'n,
With speed I'le act the Charge which thou hast giv'n:
But see the Monsters come with Furious Rage,
Nor Men, nor Angels, can their Pride Asswage,
For against Heav'n and Earth, a War they Wage;
Their Killing Eyes, I must with Care escape,
Men, Monstrous in their Nature, as their Shape;
These, these are they, who have destroy'd the Earth,
O Wicked times! But O more Wicked Birth! [Exit.

Enter Abaddon *and* Agon, *two Monstrous Giants.*

The Scene *a Hilly Country.*

Ab. How Calm's the Air, what is his Thunder gone,
Nay then I'le mount the Sky, and seize his Throne,

Ago. The trembling Moon, I'le into pieces rend,
And twist the Stars out of the Firmament.

Ab. The Sun himself, that doth so bright appear,
I'le drag about the Sky by's Golden Hair,
Then Spurn him in the Sea, and quench him there.

Ago. Thunder nor Lightning shall my Passage stay,
Angels, nay Gods, shall fall that stop my way; (through.
If Clouds met Clouds, and Storms met Storms, I'de
This Hand of mine should their whole Force subdue,

Whirl-

Whirlwinds shall back upon themselves be driv'n,
And such Assaults, shall to their Guards be giv'n,
They shall be forc'd to yield to us their Heav'n.
Ab. Let us the Advantage take, while Heav'n is fair,
And all these little Mountains, let's prepare
To raise *Olympus* higher, methinks the Sun
Leans on the top, o'th Hill, lets haste, and run,
And Catch him whilst he resteth there.

[*By this time the Sun hath got over the Top of the Hill.*

Ago. It's vain,
For when we'er there, he's as far off again.
Ab. Then on the Hill we must more Mountains rear,
I long to tug him by his Yellow Hair;
Ago. This Mountain then you to the top must bear.
Ab. With ease I will perform it, mighty Brother,
That in this Arm, and under this another.
Ago. You Mighty Mountains, I my self will bring,
And on *Olympus* top, with ease I'le fling.
Ab. But see the Light o'th' Glorious Sun Decays,

[*Here the Sun is all o'er darkned with a Cloud.*

Ago. He hears us, and for fear draws in his Rays;
We Hills on Hills will raise, till we'er so high,
That from their tops, we'll step into the Sky,
And all their mighty Godheads tumble down,
Placing upon our Selves th' Imperial Crown;
But see our Valiant Brothers hither throng,
We'll make Heav'n tremble, as we March along.

[*As they advance towards them, great Flashes of Lightning are seen breaking from the Cloud that covers the Sun, after which dreadful Claps*

of Thunder are heard, the Cloud breaks in two, and a Shower of Fire falls on 'em and destroys 'em, the Sun on a sudden recovers his Light, then Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, Asmody, Moloch *and* Belial *rise out of the Earth.*

Luc. See where the Trophies of our Triumphs lye,
This is a way makes sure of Victory;
To make 'em first Curse God, then Cursing Dye.
Sat. There's no Redemption, for that Wicked State,
Where they Sin high, and do Repent too late.
And now the World is brought to such a Fate,
Beel. They're harden'd now, and do their Fates defy,
Despising the great Power of the Most-High;
Asm. They're past Repentance, and each strives to be
Crown'd the most Famous Man for Infamy.
But see *Despair* comes Melancholy in,
Our surest Aim, and Man's most dangerous Sin.

Enter Despair *Melancholy, walking with his Arms a-cross.*

Desp. What have I done, that I must thus be driv'n,
And Banish'd from the glorious Light of Heav'n?
Bankrupt of Hope, I must a Pris'ner stay,
The World it self, cannot my Forfeits pay!
What have I done? let all strange Mischiefs be
Sum'd up that wait on Man, and they're in me;
Whoredom, Pride, Murder, Blasphemy, and Lust,
Ambition, Rape, Envy, and all the worst
Ingredients of Sin, to make me Curst.

And

And Curst I am, in all I do or say;
Fiends stop my Mouth, when I'de Devoutly Pray;
I'de think of Heaven, but they those Thoughts expell,
And in it's glorious Room present me Hell.
Horrors, Confusions, all the Plagues that are
Reckon'd in Hell, are harbour'd in Despair.
Legions of Devils do my Mind possess,
And rob my Soul of it's true Happiness;
I'm sure I'm Damn'd, what need I then take Care
Whither I goe, since Hell is every where;
Than to Live thus, 'tis better far to Dye,
And end this endless Plague of Misery,
All is but Hell, and this shall set me free

[Stabs himself and dyes.

Enter a Man-Lover.

M. Lov. Rejected Love, who can with Patience bear!
She bids me, though I prostrate fall, Despair
The angry Goddess scorns to hear my Pray'r.
Forsaken Lovers, Death, 'fore Treasures crave
And think no Spouse so happy as the Grave;
Then farewel Love, farewel my sweet Desire,
Surely these Waves, will quench my raging Fire.

[Throws himself from a Precipice into the Sea.

Enter a Woman-Lover.

W. Lov. First to Contract, then basely to Depart!
Was too, too Cruel for my tender Heart,

For since he's gone, I do my self disdain,
I'm turn'd a Reprobate, and Heav'n prophane;
Run Mad with Rage, with this I'll ease my Pain.
[*Drinks a Cup of Poyson and dyes.*

Luc. But see *Ambition*, on great *Pride* attends,
Seldom Asunder, and yet seldom Friends.

Enter Pride and Ambition.

Pri. You'r too Ambitious, and too Saucy grown,
Thus to intrude, when I would be alone.

Amb. Most mighty Queen, let me your Wrath Appease,
Lo're Approach you but on bended Knees;
See at your Feet, where your Offender lies,
And for his Fault when er'e you please he Dyes;
You are the Saint to whom I always Pray,
It is for you I languish Night and Day,
And at your Shrine my Soul doth pine away.

Pri. Such Flattery, such a Deluding Art,
Attends all Courts, but ne're shall win my Heart;
Your Sighs and Groans, and Pray'rs are all in Vain,
And all these Adulations are Prophane;
You're an Impostor, and with Fraud beguile,
But know none but great Kings shall gain a Smile.

Amb. That you may look Serene such Force I'll bring,
I'll in an instant Crown my self a King;
Nay I'll be more, for with my mighty Pow'r
I'll over all the World reign Emperour;
The Petty Kings shall all their Crowns submit,
And lay their Sceptres at your Royal Feet,

The Plenteous World her Dainties shall afford,
And Choice Varieties shall spread your Board.
There's not a Sense, but shall such Pleasures find,
When they Combine, they shall entrance the Mind.
I'll ransack Nature's Wardrobe, and adorn
You far more brighter than the rising Morn.

Pri. These I enjoy already, I am Queen
Of all Rich Nature's richest Magazeen,
Kings with their Sceptres at my Feet lye down,
And every Conqueror presents a Crown.

Amb. Since no Content to you on Earth is giv'n,
I'le change my Thoughts, and will advance to Heav'n;
Where you, for Jewels, Glittring Stars shall wear,
And Streaming Lights, shall gild your Golden Hair;
The Morn shall for us his bright Mantle spread,
And we shall Sleep in Sweet *Aurora*'s Bed,
Where, like to them, each other we'll Embrace,
Raising your Maiden Blushes in your Face;
With eager Zeal, lye Panting by your Side,
A loving Bridegroom, you a willing Bride;
Free to enjoy, expanding all your Charms,
Throwing your self and Love into my Arms;
Where in Close Twinings, through the Air we'll Fly,
And all the Gods, that do our Actions spy,
Shall envy us for our Mortality.
Then if again we would to Earth repair,
We'll gently glide through the soft yielding Air,
Dissolving both into a falling Star.

Pri. Your Mind ſoars high, but I have Thoughts much higher,
God-like Ideas do my Soul Inſpire,
And I breath nothing now but Heav'nly Fire;
Ceraphs and Cherubs, ſhall Companions be,
And the bright Angels all ſhall wait on me:
I ſcorn all Kings, and their baſe Earth's Abode,
None ſhall enjoy my Love, beneath a God:
And you, Earth's Gally-Slave, thus to aſpire
To raiſe your Thoughts on me, Vile Wretch, retire;
And in ſome Dirty Creek o'th' Earth forlorn,
Expire as baſely, as you're baſely Born. [*Exit.* Pride.

Amb. I'le follow thee wherever thou doſt Fly,
I muſt enjoy, or i'th' Purſuit I'le Dye. [*Exit* Ambition.

The Scene Opens and diſcovers ſeveral Horrid Murders, Drinking to Exceſs, Quarrels, Broils, Rapes, &c.

Luc. See in the Fields, whole Troops of Sins appear,
Acting i'th' Face Heaven, without Fear;
Without Allurements they to Sin are brought,
Performing Crimes, we ſcarce our ſelves e'er thought;
Thoſe are the Chief great Agent Sins which we,
Triumph for Joy, and Heav'n weeps to ſee.

Sat. Yet ſtill we will purſue their direful Fall,
'Tis true State Policy to Conquer all,
And not let one Survive———

Luc This Gallant Deed,
Outvies our Labours paſt, if it ſucceed;

I'll

I'll manage this Affair my self, and all,
This Holy Tribe, into my Snare shall fall.
Mol. Success upon the Valiant still attends,
May you be Prosperous, and have your ends.
Luc. Hear then the way, before the mighty Rain
Shall fall, the Angel will appear again;
As they discours'd, I Hovering in the Air
Heard all they said, He bid 'em have a care
Of us, by which Precaution we may know,
He's not Impossible to Over-throw;
I'll shake off all these shagged Shades of Night,
And will adorn my self with Robes of Light,
Appearing like to Him all fair and bright.
Then with a Fawning, smooth, deluśive Tale,
I on his tender Conscience shall prevail;
I'll tell Him that the Pious Prayers He sent
To Heav'n, does the World's present Fall prevent,
And that a longer date is now decreed,
Before the mighty Judgment will proceed;
Perswading Him, this Concourse of the Earth,
Must be dispers'd, each to his Place of Birth,
That when the Fatal Deluge shall be nigh,
All unprovided, in the Flood may dye.
Asm. This Proposition you have stated well,
A Thought fit only for the Prince of Hell.
Luc. In the mean time, lest we should Idle be,
I'th' the Holy Tribe, let's raise up Jealousie,
And on true Love we'll stamp so base a Shape,
They shall mistake Embraces for a Rape.

Sat. Tho' they are free, from each dividual Sin,
We need not fear, if we with this begin,
For with Suspition, Legions enter in.
Fear, Hate, Revenge, all Plagues within 'em dwell,
A Jealous Lover, is posseſt with Hell.

Luc. Now to our gloomy Caverns let us go,
Carrying glad Tydings to our States below;
Since all we act, prevails with ſuch Succeſs,
We ev'n in Hell it ſelf find Happineſs.

[*They all ſink; as they Vaniſh, Great flaſhes of Fire are ſeen, and horrid Acclamations of Joy are heard; The Scene on a ſudden changes, and repreſents Hell, where ſundry Devils are flying up and down, and others in Extravagant Poſtures, Dancing for Joy, &c.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

Scene, *a Pleasant Garden adorn'd with various Walks and close Bowers, and Enamel'd with purling Rivulets; a Shower of Rain is seen to fall, the Sky on a sudden clears up, and a Glorious Sun appears.*

Enter Sem *and* Philothea, Japhet's *Wife.*

Phi. SURE, Brother, the sad time is drawing nigh,
And this same Scene th' Event doth Prophecy,
Such a bright Morn before, sure ne're did rise,
From such a boist'rous Night, such gloomy Skies;
Yet still the flagrant Flowers raise their Heads,
That were beat down by the swift falling Show'r,
With lively Grace deck their Enamel'd Beds,
And smell far sweeter, then they did before.

Sem. The Proposition you propound is well,
This stormy Night, may the great Flood foretel;
It is so long since any Rain did fall,
It seemeth now a Prodigy to all;
And tho' the Storm was Great, yet view around,
The Earth has but it's due Refreshment found,

And rather doth the Vales adorn than ſpoil,
Making the Meadows ſeem with Joy to ſmile;
So we by this ſad Emblem may expreſs,
Our preſent State, and future Happineſs.
The World's Deſtruction in the Tempeſt Born,
And our Felicity i'th' Riſing Morn;
The Sun's bright Beams do promiſe to requite,
With Joyful Rays, this Tragedy of Night,
Decking the Day, with his Tranſcendent Light.

Phi. Like to himſelf, his mighty Bleſſings riſe,
Both Infinite, and none can them compriſe.

Sem. We Hecatombs of Sacrifices owe,
Which on his Holy Altars ſoon we'll raiſe,
And in Thankſgiving we our Zeal will ſhow,
For all his Favours in our humble Praiſe.
Yet for the Bleſſed Talent we receive,
Our Steward-ſhip can't Satisfaction give.

Phi. He ne're requires Returns for what He lends,
So that we manage it for happy Ends;
He beſtows Grace, which Grace if we accept,
In the Acceptance, we diſcharge the Debt.

Sem. Than the Receiving, ſomething more is Due,
We muſt Increaſe and Multiply it too;
For baſely to accept the Grace that's giv'n,
Is not the ready way to mount to Heav'n.

Phi. Grace is the Centre, where all Vertues fall,
And having that, we do Embrace 'em all,
As in the Body of one ſingle Grain,
The Species of ſeveral more remain.

Sem.

Sem. As each dividual Grain doth ow it's Birth,
And its Increaſe, unto the Fertile Earth,
So we for Grace, indebted are to Heav'n,
And a true juſt Account muſt for't be giv'n;
So when the Seed is Ripe, we ought with Care
And Induſtry to Manage the Affair;
For if neglected, we ſhall quickly ſee,
The Fertile Seed fall down and Barren be.
So Grace that's Planted, and not Harveſt in,
Does from a Virtue, ſtreight become a Sin;
It ſoon returns, and leaves us here behind
A Barren Heart, joyn'd with a Sterile Mind.
But this Diſcourſe defer, and let us Praiſe,
And Magnify th' Eternity of Days.

Phi. As he loves all, ſo let us love each other,
There is no harm for me to Claſp my Brother;
In ſweet Embraces we'll together 'twine,
I'll joyn my Soul in yours, you yours in mine,
With a pure Holy Love, Heav'n doth inſpire
My Soul, and I am all o're Flames of Fire,
Yet with a Chaſt and undefil'd Deſire.

Sem. Come Siſter, to the Altars let's repair,
And the ſmall time we have, we'll ſpend in Pray'r;
With all Sincerity we'll him adore,
Mankind can ask, and he'll exact no more:
When to th' All-high, there's ſuch a Victim giv'n,
Bright Angels wait to carry 't up to Heav'n.

[*Exeunt Embracing, as they go out, Enter* Japhet.

Jap. In such close Twinings! O my Tortur'd Heart
Sure Jealousie has shot me with her Dart,
For I was wont to see 'em Clasp and Kiss,
Gaze on each other, and ne're think amiss;
But now strange Fancies do my Mind surprize,
Her Soul, methought, flew to Him from her Eyes,
A Glowing Heat, did in her Face appear,
Showing at once her Passion, and her Fear;
Her swelling Breast lay panting on his Side,
And rose and fell, like to a floating Tide;
But I'll observe, and watch where they repair,
For now's the time for Sacrifice and Pray'r;
And if they should prove false, they both shall dye,
And fall a Victim to Idolatry,
For bowing to that Idol in the Eye. [*Exit.*

[*The* Scene *opens, and represents several Altars with Sacrifices on them; the Sacrificers devoutly kneeling before them. A Cloud of Fire descends on the Altars, and consumes the Sacrifices, then ascends. A Song is Sung all the while the Cloud Rises, expressing the Acceptation of their Sacrifice, and then the* Scene *changes to the Garden.*

Enter

Enter Noah.

Noah. What unaccuſtom'd Miracle is This,
That Heav'nly Fire ſhould burn our Sacrifice!
As tho' diſdaining any Earthly Flame,
Should be ſo worthy to conſume the ſame!
The Omen's good, for by the Token giv'n,
Our Prayers and Victims both are gone to Heav'n.
But ſee, from far a Meſſenger is ſent,
Seeming to bear ſome News of Vaſt Portent,
For by his Swiftneſs, He out-flyes the Wind,
Out-ſtrips the Lightning, and leaves Time behind;
And He's already here.

Enter Lucifer *in Robes of Light.*

Luc. Hail Mighty Prince,
The News I bring will much amaze your Senſe;
For by your Holy Pray'rs and Pious Zeal,
You the Deſtruction of the World repeal,
You call back Fate, which does ſo ſwiftly move,
So ſtrong's your Mighty Faith, ſo good Heav'n's Love;
Mankind is ſav'd, you need not now embarque
Your Selves, nor Beaſts, for all the World's an Ark;
Salvation to you all, I muſt declare,
For Heav'n againſt the World proclaims no War;
All Wrath's defer'd: And now your Mighty Train
Of Birds and Beaſts, muſt be diſpers'd again,
Each to their Home; The Beaſts to Woods and Brakes,
The Fowl to Meadows, Springs, ſweet Ponds and Lakes;

To

To confirm which, If you a Sign require,
From Heav'n shall fall a mighty Show'r of Fire.
[*A Show'r of Fire falls down.*

Noah. I something doubted what was said by you,
But now this Token doth confirm it true;
For the All-high doth seldom speak in vain,
Nor cancels that which He doth pre-ordain;
This very Day too, is the last of all,
That He design'd before the Rain should fall;
But pardon me, if I mistrustful wa',
The Strictness of the Duty was the Cause,
And the Great Charge that I receiv'd before,
To act his Will, increas'd it something more;
Besides our Graineries are full of Store,
The Ark's so furnish'd too, we need no more.
Yet your Commands I shall with speed Obey,
They shall be scattered all by break of Day.
To what the Goodness of th' All-high doth tend,
I must Admire, but cannot Comprehend! [*Exit Noah.*

Luc. The Deed is done, now if Heav'n's Eye prove blind,
They too shall dye, as well as all Mankind.
How frail is Man! how brittle Nature's Frame!
Their Sense and Judgment bears an empty Name,
Their Reason, like their Natures too, are small,
One false Idea, can delude 'em all:
So *Eve*, and the first Man I did betray,
Now *Noah*, Second *Adam*, led astray;

With

With a falſe ſhow, and with a Robe of Light,
I have Eclips'd his Reaſon, ſtopt his Sight,
That He miſtakes me for an Angel bright.
But hold, I brag too ſoon, from yonder Sky,
The mighty Angel *Gabriel*, I eſpy,
At ſight of Him, my burniſh'd Rays decay,
My glittering Robes do melt and fade away,
And all the feign'd that's in me doth betray.
I fain would ſink, and hide me from his Face,
But He hath chain'd me to this very Place.
I dread to hear Heav'ns direful Thunder fall,
That was the Engine firſt deſtroy'd us all;
That does my Soul and Spirits too confound,
That makes me proſtrate fall upon the Ground,
And lye here Grov'ling to receive the Wound.

[*A Clap of Thunder is heard, at which* Noah *and the reſt return as frighted,* Gabriel *flyes down, and* Lucifer *ſinks at the ſame time; and immediately* Lucifer *riſes in his horrid ſhape.*

Gab. Curſed Impoſtor! doſt thou think the Eyes
Of the All-high can't ſee thy falſe Diſguiſe!
That He ſhould be by a Phantaſtick ſhade
Deceiv'd and couſen'd, who the Subſtance made;
No, thy Impoſtur'd Fancy is as vain,
As when you fought with Heav'n, in Heav'n to Reign.
Supreme, and th' *Empyrean* Crown to ſway,
Then, then, how ſoon you fell, and loſt the Day!

Think

Think how you roul'd into Eternal Pain,
With all your Numerous Astonish'd Train;
Think but of that, you'll ne'er Project again.
But for this Deed, thou shalt Heav'n's Vengeance feel,
And on thy Head shall fall it's Pointed Steel,
And sink thee down into the deep Abyss,
Where whirling Head-long with a direful Hiss,
The Damn'd themselves shall wonder how you fell,
And you in Hell shall find a hotter Hell;
For you such Torments shall endure, ev'n all
Hell's mighty Pains, shall shew to you but small.

Luc. Since you Upbraid me, know that I defie,
The Mighty Thunders of your Potent Sky; [*Ironick.*
For, being Prince of all the Heav'nly Train
That Fell, I therefore have the greatest Pain;
So being Inur'd to Tortures, I can bear
All the Extremities you can prepare;
And still rejoyce, I can so far deceive,
As with my Guiles to make 'em all believe.
From me that dismal Sentence first began,
That made th' All-high wish He had ne're fram'd Man.
So to perform't, I did their Lives pursue,
That I might have a new Born World t' undo.

Gab. These Horrid Blasphemies your Hate doth vent,
Shall be reveng'd with direful Punishment;
And since you can dispense with Pains, prepare
To entertain Heav'ns Thunder-Bolts of War.

[*Lightning and Thunder, falls down upon* Lucifer, *with which He sinks; after which a Horrid Noise is heard.*

So

So, now all's safe, you must with Care proceed,
To get all Creatures in the Ark with speed;
For e're the *Eastern Sun* salutes the Skies,
The Fountains of the Mighty deep shall rise,
The Great Flood-Gates of Heav'n shall open wide
Their Sluice, and fall like an Impetuous Tide.
But e're I part, I will each Creature mark,
For fear some Fiend should get into the Ark.
In a Beast-borrow'd shape, then shall begin
The Rain, and then I'll come and shut you in. [*Ex. Gab.*

Noah. Into what dangerous Perils had we fell,
By this Delusion of the Prince of Hell,
Had not the Eye of Heaven Protector been,
And sav'd us all, from this Unpardon'd Sin;
For this Great Love, we'll all Thanksgiving Pay,
In Memory of this sad, yet joyful Day,
And ne're desist till Time shall fade away.
In Holocausts, Sin-Offerings and Flame,
In Holy Anthems we'll his Praise proclaim,
And magnifie throughout the World his Name. [*Exit.*

Enter Moloch *in the Shape of a Beast.*

Mol. Curst be his Cunning Search, can there no Shape,
No Plot, the piercing Eye of Heav'n escape;
In this Beastly Form thought I was safe,
And often to my self did Smile and Laugh,
To think how soon I might wise Heav'n beguile,
And all its tedious Undertakings spoil,

When,

When, lo, I heard an Angel's Myſtick Charm,
That did my Soul and Spirits both alarm;
Thus rous'd I quickly from his Preſence flew,
As ſwift as Thought, but ſtill as falling Dew;
The very Senſe of what He did declare,
Does pierce me deeper than his Thunder far,
And I'm aſham'd I came ſo tame away,
And bluſh to think I durſt not diſobey;
That my great Will's Controul'd, there lies my Pain,
That makes my Hell, and links my direful Chain.
When the Great Charm is heard, i'th' deep below,
We bluſhing gaze about, then weep our Woe,
Grieve for what's paſt, then vex for being ſo.
When moſt in Miſchief, then we moſt are well,
Thoughts of Repentance, makes our Greateſt Hell.
To deſperate Souls when the laſt Trumpet ſounds,
The Word for ever, everlaſting wounds,
So Deſperation 'tis our Souls confounds.
But ſince by Stratagem, nor Ambuſcade,
We can't the Mighty Force of Heav'n invade
By Strength alone, we muſt our Force declare,
And 'gainſt the Ark proclaim an Open War.
We'll the whole Power of the four Winds let go,
They *Eaſt*, and *Weſt*, and *North*, and *South*, ſhall blow,
Till by their Blaſts the Ark they Overthrow.
Then we'll rejoyce, over this Conquer'd Ball,
With Dreadful Hollows, Triumph in it's Fall.

[*Sinks down.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Scene, *the Deluge, Repreſenting Men and Beaſts of all Sorts, Promiſcuouſly Swimming together; Only one Hill remaining above the Waves, and the Ark is diſcover'd on the Surface of the Waters.*

Enter ſome few Men as Eſcap'd from the Lower Parts.

1. *Man.*

H wretched State of Man (where ſhall I flye!
Where e're I look a thou (ſand Deaths I ſpy,
Yet by one Cauſe it is, all (Creatures Dye.

So Peſtilential Air Men's Veins doth burn,
And all Diſeaſes to the Plague do turn;
Agues and *Fevers*, all the Numerous Throng
Of Maladies, that to Mankind belong;
Old Age and Infancy, and all muſt have
For their ſure Remedy, a certain Grave,
A floating Tomb, form'd of a ſwelling Wave.

2. *Man.* In vain our ſelves we title Lords of all,
And with the Names of Mighty, Puiſſant call,
Great Kingdoms, Nations, Monarchies and Pow'rs,
With idle Flattery we ſay all's ours;

Since

Since every Infect, ev'ry Creature can
This great Plenipotentiary unman;
Nay through our Veins such killing Poisons pass,
Each small Distemper breaks the *Venice* Glass:
But these we fear not, though pernicious they
Too often take our precious Lives away.
A greater Plague is come, a Draught that will
Not only Man and Beast, but Nature kill.

3. *Man.* Vain misbelieving Man! cant Death be found,
Nor learn't, but when he's striking of the Wound?
Can't we believe his mighty Piercing Steel,
Nor know his Dart, before it's Point we feel?
But now too late we see our Dreadful Foe,
And strive to shun, what we are sure to know;
He stalks along with a Majestick Pace,
With direful Desolation in his Face;
Castles and Towers, Rocks, Mountains all in vain
All are overwhelm'd, all cover'd with the Rain
And only this above the Waves remain.
Too late we now believe our Reverend Sire,
Too late we know his Truths, and Worth admire;
Now his Prophetick, raging Judgment's come,
And in the Rapid Waves we find our Tomb.
In vain he Preacht, in vain good Manners taught
Him and his Precepts both we set at naught,
Which has this dire Destruction on us brought.

Enter

Enter a Woman *with several* Children *about her, some in Arms, &c.*

1. *Ch.* O my dear Mother! How the Waves do roar!
Moth. My Aid, dear Children, you in vain implore,
I've giv'n you all, and now can give no more;
Unless I do anticipate your Fears,
And drown you all in Deluges of Tears.
Like to a harmless Herd that hastes away,
From a Fierce Tiger, that would on 'em Prey,
And in some safe retiring Covert fly,
Where they in vain their small Defiance try
Till the poor Dams do with their Young ones Dye.
But I'm afraid, so faint my Spirits grow,
And Grief's so great, I shall prevent the Blow.
2. *Ch.* Will you then Dye, and leave us here alone,
To all things, but to Misery, unknown!
Strangers to all, where er'e we walk or go,
Companions only to sad Grief and Woe;
We their Acquaintance in all Places find,
Matching before, or Tracing us behind.
3. *Ch.* What shall we do? if we stay here we dye,
To yonder higher Mountain let us fly,
It is some Ease to prolong Misery.
Moth. Chear up my Infants, since no Hopes remain,
But that together we must all be Slain,

And in one dismal Grave Intomb'd must lye,
Thus Hand in Hand we will prepare to dye,
And launch from hence into Eternity

1. *Ch.* Here I will Grasp: [*Hangs on her Mother.*

2. *Ch.* Here I'll for ever stay,
Till Desolation hurries me away.

Moth. Thus then let's go, let each one take their Hold,
And, Miser-like, I'll perish with my Gold;
So desperate Souls that on their Death-beds lye,
Take their last Cordial, and then faint and dye. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Scene Changes and discovers a Throng of Men, Women, and Children on the highest Mountains. Who on a sudden are all Overwhelm'd with the Waves; The Scene Changes again, and represents Hell, with* Luc. Sat. Beelz. Asmo. *and* Belial, *sitting in Council in their* Pandæmonium.

Moloch *swiftly flying down to them.*

Mol. Hell and Damnation seize the Mystick Sense,
And Curse upon the Eye of Providence;
Such a Design, so close, so surely laid,
One should have thought, would all Heav'n's watch evade;
Hid ev'n to all, but *Gabriel*'s searching Eyes,
Who soon discover'd me through this Disguise,
Those piercing Eyes, that penetrate all Bars,
And Shine far brighter than the clearest Stars:

From

From his transcendent Beams I stole away,
And swift as Wind I div'd beneath the Day,
But his more swifter Eyes trac'd all my way.
I Grinning turn'd me round and saw the Door
Of th' Ark made fast, he standing just before,
With his bright flaming Sword: So now we are
Compell'd by Force to Proclaim open War,
By this time too the Waters so prevail,
They o're the Top o'th' highest Mountains Scale,
That fifteen Cubits 'bove the Earth they rise,
And by their height they seem to touch the Skies.
So to our War a stop may soon be giv'n
Unless we haste, the Ark so high is driv'n,
I fear before we go 'twill Sail to Heav'n.

Luc. Then let us haste, with all our Banners spread,
Blazon'd with all the Trophies of the Dead,
With a large Deluge that does to Heav'n flow,
A Shipwrack'd Ark, half sinking down below,
And all our Legions following their Blow.
Thus let us pass, and through the Deluge glide,
Springing like Thought above the swelling Tide.

[*They all fly out of Sight.*

The Scene Changes, represents all Destroy'd but the Ark, which is Swimming on the Surface of the Waters.

All the Devils appear again.

Luc. Ho, *Moloch*! Loose the Eastern Wind, let go;
Belial, the West, both shall together blow;

You, *Asmody*, must rule the Southern Wind,
He *Beelzebub* the Stubborn North unbind,
Whilst I and *Sathan*, like two mighty Whales,
Toss up the Ark, with our Impetuous Tails,
And beat and bandy it from Wave to Wave,
Till it's impossible for Heav'n to save,
Let us all charge, and with one dreadful Shock,
Sink down this Floating World, this Swimming Rock;
Which though through Dangers it doth safely ride,
And boldly with it's Beak doth sweep the Tide,
Yet not so safe, but that no doubt we may,
Make it a Brave and a Triumphant Day.

[*Here they all Assault the Ark and almost overturn it; several Flaming Chariots full of Angels fly down, from whence breaks Thunder and Lightning, which drives them Head-long into the Deep. The Scene Changes, represents* Noah *in the Ark.*

Noa. Strange was the Noize and Roarings of the Sky,
Far be't that we've displeased the All-high,
To feel his Wrath, making our Bliss become
A Curse, our Sanctuary turn our Tomb;
Escaping Rocks and Ship-wracks, now to find
His Goodness Infinite to be Unkind;
But far be't too I should his Love mistrust,
Who is all over Mercy, all o'er just,
Who from his Word doth never go away,
His Covenant is Eternal as the Day;

For

For he protecting, Rocks nor Gulphs avail,
Thro' Seas of Storms we shall in Safety sail. [Exit.

Enter Sin *and* Death.

[Sin *appearing upwards like a Fair Beautiful Woman, but ending in a Scaly Serpentine Tail,* Death *wearing a Crown of Gold upon his Head.*

Sin. What Glorious Trophies, ought t' adorn my Head,
Since I have crown'd you Lord of all the Dead.

Dea. It was from you that I did first begin,
My Father *Satan*, but my Mother *Sin*;
So for my Being, I'm ready to obey,
And wait your Strict Commands, both Night and Day.
Where e'er you go, I will your Train attend,
To see your Enemies, or Dearest Friends,

Sin. For thy great Love, I've had thee to the Court,
My chief Delight, where all my Friends resort;
Envy, *Ambition*, *Malice*, *Hatred*, *Pride*,
Lust, *Flattery* and all the rest beside;
Too tedious to Account, by whose sly ways
And Guiles, we've gain'd our selves immortal Praise.

Dea. There I did first grow great, I was before
Naked and Starv'd, and Miserably Poor;
When I on Plants and Herbs did Feed, and all
That e'er the tedious Scythe of Time did fall;
When I in Towns and Cottages did live,
All that I had, would no Contentment give,
So Lean and Thin I looke, 'twas only then,
I got the Name of *Skeleton* from Men.

But since at Court I've fill'd this Ravenous Jaw,
And with Sweet Dainties cram'd and gorg'd my Maw,
I now am grown so Vigorous at Heart,
I dare encounter Armies with my Dart.

Sin. Nay more, your mighty Empire spreads so far,
It's Boundless Circuit does admit no Bar.
So Monarch-like, you Reign o're every thing,
Except the Ark, you're Universal King:
That Ark, which like the World, if it should be
O'rethrown, you next to that will Ruin me;
Then shall your Empire end, so soon as I
Do leave this World, you too your self must Dye.

Dea. Since I have had so much, you need not fear,
I'll long for that which I must pay so dear;
Or that my Wrath does Man so far pursue,
I should be forc'd at last to Prey on you.
You are Forbidden Fruit, and if I try
To taste of you, I when I taste, must dye,
And lose this Earthly Paradise, and be
For ever lost in vast Eternity.
So for your sake, the Ark shall safely Sail,
And o'er the Waves, as they o'er all prevail;
So Heav'nly is your Face, you shall be seen,
In Future Ages, a most Glorious Queen;
You shall be Deck'd in such Deluding Charms,
That Kings shall wish to Dye between your Arms.
Lye panting on your Breasts and with one Smile,
You Universal Nature shall beguile,
A Talent but to touch, or glance, or toy,
A thousand for a Kiss, the World t'enjoy.

Nay Men your Company shall like so well,
Within your Tents they shall desire to dwell,
And for your Love shall pawn their Souls to Hell.

Sin. You Chear my Spirits now, and I presage,
I shall grow Mighty in th' ensuing Age,
As I have been in this, but that the Fall
And Price of Sin, won't be so general;
From *Noah*'s Vineyard, I already spy
Him drunk with Wine, and naked to the Eye;
His Laughing Son does a sad Curse obtain,
Such are th' Effects of a Distemper'd Brain;
A Curse, which to the Race of Man will be,
A sad Remembrance to Posterity:
Hence Curses, Murthers, Whoredoms, Rapes proceed,
Incest Blasphemous Words, and desp'rate Deeds,
Hence does most Mischief rise; therefore my Son,
I call this Sin, my only Paragon;
From whence to you shall many Trophies fly,
By *Surfeits, Fevers, Broils*, do most Men Dye.

Dea. This Sin to me is a most Welcome Guest,
For every Day it yields a Plenteous Feast.

[*The Dove with an Olive Branch flies cross the Stage.*

But see the Dove with Olive in his Beak,
Emblem of Peace, with speed the Ark doth seek,
Which on the Mountain *Ararat* doth stand,
In Safety now, upon the Stable Land;
Therefore with haste, you thither must repair,
With sly Temptations bring 'em to your Snare.
I'll follow you, and whilst you make your Sett,
I over all will draw the fatal Nett.

Vin. Come Son, like Ice I will to all appear;
When they slide swiftly on, and never fear;
Seldom look back to see what does pursue,
But boldly Venture, and ne'er think of you;
Until at last they hear the Dreadful Crack,
In vain they then Repent, in vain turn back. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes, and discovers Noah *in the Ark, the Angel* Gabriel *appearing to him.*

Gab. Hail Earth's Preserver! Heav'n remembers thee,
And all thy Creatures, all thy Family;
For on the Earth, He's caus'd a Wind to blow,
Has struck the Flood, and made it sink below:
His great *Fiat*, no sooner heard, but they,
With hasty Zeal march'd, forward to obey,
And to their utmost *Thule*, swiftly ran,
Sinking i'th Deep, from whence they first began.
The Earth her Shroud of Waters throws away,
And all appears most Pleasant, Sweet and Gay,
It seems to be Earth's Coronation Day.
A new Born Light springs from the Torrid Flood,
And Heav'n again declares that it is good.
He is all Peace, and now sends his Commands,
You from the Ark depart, to till the Land;
You and all yours, must to the Earth repair,
Each Creeping thing, all Beasts, and Birds o'th' Air;
For he this Blessing doth bequeath once more,
Increase and Multiply the World with Store;
Hail, and farwel. [*Exit.*

Noah. You hear th' Ambroſial Words, divinely ſweet,
Like Harmony when Concords joyntly meet,
[*Turning to his Family.*
This Immenſe Goddeſs, like th' All-high doth prove,
Almighty Merciful, Almighty Love.
The Sun to th' Earth, is reconcil'd again,
And Heav'n reiterates this Grace to Men;
Therefore his Name we will with Praiſe Extol,
Omnipotent, Infinite, Immortal;
Ev'n all the Ark ſhall with one Voice declare,
Their Loves, and Sound his Praiſes thro' the Air.
So let our Thanks for theſe Great Bleſſings riſe,
In *Halleluja's* Eccholng thro' the Skies. [*Exeunt.*

[*After ſome Harmony is heard, the* Scene *Changes and Repreſents them Deſcending out of the Ark.*

Noah. Hark, hark, what ſweet *Hoſanna's* fill the Air,
And Charming Notes our Happineſs prepare;
And in my Breaſt a Secret Joy doth riſe,
Whoſe Symphonies my very Soul ſurpriſe.
By this I know the Earth has found his Grace,
He doth his Prodigal again Embrace,
And Cloaths her all in an Embroider'd Dreſs.
Of many Thouſand Colours, to expreſs
The Mighty Work of Nature, and her Art,
Enamelling the Earth in every part,
With ſuch Imbelliſh'd Streams, in ſuch a Hew,
They ſpeak their Own and Maker's Glory too;
With ſilent Oratory they declare
His Praiſe, but we in Sacrifice and Pray'r;

So in Burnt-Offerings and Holy Fire,
Our Tributary Thanks shall Heav'n aspire,
And touch the Sense of him, and all his Holy Quire.

Exeunt.

[*The Scene Changes, and Represents them Offering up a Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.*

Noah. Since the All-high doth now again restore,
The World, I hope, he will destroy't no more,
And that his Ancient Love he will renew,
And Man no more with such dire Wrath pursue;
But on the Wicked, let thy Fury fly,
Let Reprobates with the Polluted dye;
But let the Innocent thy Grace enjoy,
Let not one Gangreen'd Limb the whole destroy;
Accept this Sacrifice, which is design'd,
In Thanks, for Preservation of Mankind;
Suffer not Time to shake our Glass too soon,
Nor let our Age's Sun-shine set at Noon;
But to our *Patriarch*'s Years, let them abound,
Then fall like shedding Roses to the Ground;
That like the Rose, tho' wither'd, parch't and dry,
We may fall Sweet, and in Perfumes may Dye.

[*The Angel* Gabriel, *flies down to them.*

Gab. With your Oblations, Heav'n is pleased well,
For he from th' Earth does a sweet Savour smell;
And with the World, a Covenant doth make,
He will no more destroy it for Man's sake.
So if again great Storms and Floods appear,
No Deluge shall surprize the World with Fear,

He keeps in awe the Cataracts of Rain,
And the vaſt Sea does to it's Channel chain;
As you are Lords of all, and made above
All other Creatures, ſo muſt be your Love,
In Love and Quiet reign, and ever be
From cruel Murders, and Man-ſlaughters free,
For who e're ſpills the Blood of Man, ſhall Fall
A Bloody Victim to his Funeral.
He is Heav'n's Tyrant, and the Earth's Diſgrace,
And Stabs his Maker in his Creature's Face.
The Earth, Sea, Air, and all the Things that grow,
Heav'n does for Food, and for your Uſe beſtow,
Only the Blood of Beaſts you muſt refrain,
Since that doth both the Life and Soul contain;
So to confirm his Promiſe, he hath Bow'd
His Royal Signet in yon rorid Cloud,
[*The Rain Bow appears.*
In ſuch a Form the Painted Arch appears,
As mourning Heaven ſeems to ſmile in Tears.

Noah. But in ſuch pleaſant Mourning, ſuch a Shroud,
It ſeems to be an Hieroglyphick Cloud,
Of Grief and Joy, and Intermixt ſo rare,
'Tis hard to judge, whether 'tis foul or fair;
And in the Bow no Shaft nor Arrow's ſeen,
But the whole *Scene* is Peaceful and Serene;
With Wonder and Amazement I behold
Thoſe Streaks of Light, to mix with Streams of Gold,
Methinks it is a Token broke and giv'n,
(So broke) to Plight his Troth 'twixt Man and Heav'n.

Gab. Well, doſt thou Judge; Henceforth ſhall Heat and Cold,
Seed Time and Harveſt, their due Seaſons hold.
Winter and Summer, ſhall their Courſe maintain,
And Day and Night ſhall never err again,
Till Time and Nature too ſhall both decay,
And the laſt Trumpet ſummon all away;
That dreadful Sound, ſhall make the Earth to quake,
The Stars fall down, and Heav'n it ſelf to ſhake,
The Sun turn black, the Moon all Blood; till then
Shall all theſe Bleſſings be ſhower'd down on Men.
All Hail Mankind! and when this Sign you View,
Think of the Cov'nant, Seal'd 'twixt Heav'n and You.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

The Scene, Represents a Vineyard, and all Sorts of Fruit-Trees.

Noah *Enters.*

Noah. LIKE the Six Days Creation, Earth appears,
And all the Glorious Pomp of Heav'n wears,
With a transplendent Glory, every Thing
Doth shine, and shows a New Born Infant Spring.
View but each Plant, each Tree, how fair they stand;
Like Trees of Life, each tempt the willing Hand,
And every Prospect, seems an *Eden* Land.
View the Embroider'd Liveries of the Flow'rs,
The *Eglantine*, and *Jess'mine*, wreath'd in Bow'rs,
Observe the Flavours, that from each doth rise,
How thro' the Balmy Air, their Odour flies,
One would in transport, say, ——
The Earth in Joy, with Heav'n doth sympathise.
The divine Orange, whose Immortal Fruit
With the Omnipotence of Heav'n doth Suit,
Her fertile Growth is in eternal Bloom,
And Emblems forth Eternity to come.

But above all, view the rich pregnant Vine,
How with Enamell'd Clusters it doth shine,
Sure this, if any, must be term'd Divine.
I'll go and taste the Fruit, that seems so fair,
And yet my private Thought bids me beware.
Fancy prescribes new Arts, new Methods shows,
And says the Vine, her Fruit thus ill bestows,
And that for higher, nobler Ends it grows.
So e'er the Sun, with his all-parching Ray,
Distils the Juice o'th' udder'd Grapes away,
I will the Dictates of my Mind obey.
Between two Planks the Liquid Juice I'll squeese,
Then drain it forth, and clear it from the Lees:
The Project's good, I'll haste and try the way,
'Tis pity that this Thought should lose a Day. [*Exit.*

Enter Sem *and* Japhet, *as from Work with Fruit.*

Sem. How mighty hot does the Sun dart his Beams?

Japh. Let's haste to yonder Christal purling Streams,
Where there's an Arbour, fram'd by Nature's Hand,
And on each side with pleasant Gales 'tis fan'd;
There let's repose from the fierce scorching Heat,
Repast a while, then to our Task retreat.

Sem. Look here, did you e're view such Fruit as this!

Japh. 'Tis fair, and Paints out that of Paradise,
But 'tis a Maxim, I my self have Taught,
What's fair to the Eye, may to the Taste be naught.
Holding one Object should one Sense suffice,
For pleasing one too much, the other Dyes.

Sem.

Sem. See how you are mistaken, take and eat,
Tho' fair to th' Eye, 'tis to the Taste as sweet.

[Presents him Fruit.

Japh. So was the Tree of Knowledge, sweet to th' Taste,
But left a direful *Gusto* at the last,
Howe're I'll eat. *[Eats.*
It is so pleasing unto both, that I
Fear, whilst I please the Taste, shall rob the Eye,
For both my Senses strive for Victory.

Sem. Whilst you are Eating one, set t'other by,
And so at once you may both satisfy.
Hunger and Thirst, this Fruit doth drive away,
I by experience know't, for ev'n to Day,
E'er the bright Sun arose, or e'er that I
began my Daily Task, did pluck and try,
I cropt but one, from off the Laden Bough,
I eat it, and was satisfied till now.

Japh. This Divine Tree, you must impart to me,
That bears not only Fruit, but Mystery.

Sem. Come, as we go, I'll show you where it stands,
And you, with ease, may reach 'em with your Hands;
And what's the greatest Wonder too, of all,
The Fruit, though Ripe, I can't perceive to fall.

Exeunt.

Enter Ham, *and looks into his Fathers Tent.*

Ham. Strange! what a Scene does here perstringe my Eye!
My Father Drunk, upon his Back doth Lye!

I'll look again——— This does me more Surprize!
I cant but Laugh, to view his Naked Thighs, [*Laughs.*
And his Mouth Ope, with the preſt Juice hard by,
As if in's Sleep he Dream't he was a Dry.
I'll run and call my Brothers, they ſhall ſee
This Sight, and Smile, and Laugh as well as me. [*Exit*

Enter Sathan.

Sat. The Godly Man, who was ſo juſt and good,
Who like a Cedar, i'th' World's Foreſt ſtood,
Who 'gainſt Sin's Blaſts and Hurricans prevail'd,
At length behold is fall'n; Sin the Tow'r ſcal'd,
Surpriz'd the Guardian Senſes, that were ſet,
Decoy'd him on, then left him in her Net.
Hell Silence kept, when ſhe her Speech began,
And all rejoyc'd this ſecond Fall of Man.
I was my ſelf, ſtruck with Amazement too,
And I am glad I find the Scene proves true,
But why ſhould I admire, that he ſhould be
So much o'reſeen, ſince 'twas the ſame with me.
Drunk with Ambition, down from Heav'n I fell,
And like a Blazing Comet, ſhot to Hell.
This Sin muſt ſurely Pleaſant be, like mine,
That ſhould o'ercome a Man, ſo much Divine.
The Art I will promote, I plainly ſee,
'Tis good, without the Gift of Prophecy.
Mankind moſt Novelties deſires to know,
Therefore in Method, I the ſame will ſhow,

First to compound from Simples, then to make
The Compound Stronger, they Strong Drugs shall take;
Then Teach to Still, which they shall Spirits call,
A Liquor that shall fatal prove to all,
Nay some shall Drink at their own Funeral.
This Art I'll raise so high, till Men aspire,
Like us to Drink up Liquid Flames of Fire,
But whilst he sleeps, I'll to his Fancy show,
What direful Tragedies, from hence shall flow;
How in Embracing Men at meeting greet,
And Prostrate fall before each others Feet,
Each Striving which the other shall outdo
In Complements, o'th' highest Nature too,
But e'er they part, each stands in's own Defence,
One taxing t'other, for his Insolence,
Demanding Satisfaction for the Lye,
The other Swears, before he'll giv't, he'll dye;
So unto Stabbs they fall, each Friend with Friend,
And only with their Lives, their Rage will end.
This Dismal *Prologue* shall be spoke by *Sin*,
She shall with *Death* the *Tragick Mask* begin,
And to his Slumbring Fancy, draw the Scene. [*Exit.*

Enter Ham, Japhet *and* Sem.

Ham. Look there our Holy Father lies! 'tis true,
He's Drunk with Wine, and Naked to our View!
Come and behold how strange his Eyes are Swol'n,
His Blubber'd Face with Bloated Rubies Grown;

See-

See how his Head, hangs drooping to the Ground,
Like Founder'd Veſſels, ready to be Drown'd;
View but his Ruddy Cheeks, you'll ſay with me,
He's not our Father, but a Prodigy.
Was he Preſerv'd, to teach Mankind to be
In Virtues perfect, and from Vices free?
Or was he Sav'd to teach 'em to begin,
By his Grave Pattern, a new way to Sin?
It ſeems to Teach the latter he was ſent,
To be of Sin the Aged Monument.
I wonder'd where he was, for e're 'twas Noon,
He us'd the Vines Luxurious Springs to Prune,
And he has Prun'd 'em fair! look, look and ſee;
They're in the ſame Diſorder, juſt as he,
They Sympathize with him, look dull and are
Ev'n Drunk themſelves, with their own Juice they bear.

Sem. Is this the Duty of a Son? you ought
Rather to Pity him, than judg't a Fault.
To Laugh and Jeer at Man's Misfortune, is
An ill Prognoſtick to a future Bliſs.
To Mock at others Harms, deſerves a Curſe,
Then to Deride a Father, ſure is worſe.
And though the Wine his Senſes drowzy make,
His Viſionary Soul ſtill keeps awake.
Therefore take heed, for that Views all that's done,
And will remember a Contemning Son.

Ham. Away, away with this Philoſophy,
You talk as you were Drunk, as well as he.

Japh. This Language, Brother, doth my Soul ſurpriſe,
And I am ſorry, you can thus Deſpiſe.

I can't foreſee what will theſe Jears purſue,
But I'm afraid, they'll prove but Ill to you.
Come Brother, to his Tent let's backward go,
And o're his Naked neſs this Garment throw,
By which we ſhall our Love, and Duty ſhow.

[*They go backwards into the Tent and Cover him.*

Ham. See with what Caution, they both backward go,
As if each Step ſhould tend to th' Shades below.
This ſevere Nicety doth ſtrange appear,
And rather ſhows their Folly, than their Fear.
What harm can't be, if I did only Spy,
So *Eve*, might view the Tree, and yet not dye?
Therefore I'le baniſh Danger, e're it come,
And not turn Marty'r, till my Martyrdome. [*Exit.*

Shem *and* Japhet *return from the Tent.*

Shem. Now to our Labours let us haſte away,
The Sun's already paſt Meridian Day,
And make an end o'th' Task we have begun,
And finiſh all with the declining Sun. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here a Sumptuous Banquet of all ſorts of Fruits, eſpecially of Grapes riſes up out of the Earth; Sin enters in a Rich, Gaudy, Looſe Attire; and after her ſeveral Devils, in the ſhapes of Men, who make their Obeyſance unto her, then Greet one another with profound Salutations. After which, a Symphony of Muſick is heard, to which they all Dance; after*

after which a fair Vineyard ariſes, loaden with Beautiful Grapes, being all plac'd round the Banquet, and Sin *at the Upper-end,*

She SINGS.

Sin. *BEhold a Vineyard, big with Juice Divine,*
Like to the Furze and ſtately Pine,
Drops forth it's Balmy juice;
As Nature ſilently ſhould ſay,
This was the only way,
To make it fit for Uſe.

1. Man. *Since then Nature doth ſhow*
Which way we muſt go,
We'll ſqueeſe out the Liquor, and call the juice Wine;
Tho' flat in the Grape, though thick on the Vine,
See here it doth Sparkle, ſee here it doth Shine.

[Shows a Cup of Wine, Drinks, they all Pledge her.

1. Man. *How dull and inſipid would every Man be,*
If it were not for this, to ſet his Heart free,
It doth ravish the Soul, and tranſport the Mind,
It teacheth to Love, to be Gentle and Kind,
It doth ſharpen our Wits, and our Fancy refine,
Then how Pleaſant! how Pleaſant's the juice of the Vine:

Chorus. *It doth ſharpen,* &c.

Sin.

Sin. *Here's a Palm for thoſe Souls*
That Drink off moſt Bowls,
And ſo let the Charger go round;
For he that Drinks moſt,
Shall the Victory Boaſt,
When his Head with this Garland is Crown'd.
[Holds forth a Garland in her Hand.

Incirel'd with Charms,
He ſhall lye in mine Arms,
And his Head in my Boſom I'll lay,
We'll ſport all the Night,
In Joys and Delight,
But in Drink we'l Carouſe all the Day.
Chorus. We'l Sport, &c.

[*As they are all quarrelling for the Garland,* Death *riſes, with a Dart in his Hand, moving it by turns at every one of them, they all Draw, and Fight, and mortally Wound each other; then reel to ſeveral Places, and on a ſudden Sink;* Death *and the Banquet ſink preſently after them:* Sin *takes the Garland and Places it on her own Head. Muſick is heard, to which ſhe Dances, then Vaniſheth away.*

Noah *Awaking from Sleep, comes out of his Tent.*

Noah. In what deep Viſions Gloomy Scene I've lain!
A kind of Death hath Seiz'd my Opiate Brain!

Where

Where have I been! methinks I've ſlept an Age,
And in my Sleep have been a Pilgrimage;
Wrapt in the Spirit, over all I Flew,
Did Sea and Land, Rocks, Mountains, Deſarts View,
Survey'd the World, each private Nook, each Cell,
And as I think too, I have travers'd Hell;
Sure 'twas no Heavn'ly Raviſhment, for I
In my vaſt Progreſs, could n't bright Heav'n eſpy;
But an Infernal Viſion, that aroſe
From the Black Fumes of Sin.——
There in a Pageant Mask, I did behold
A Vineyard riſe, with Grapes that ſhone like Gold,
Nay they ſo Beautiful, ſo fair did ſeem,
Methoughts I took and eat them in my Dream;
Then a Bright Maid, did of the Juice begin
A Health to th' reſt, I judg'd her to be Sin,
For the Effects, the Cauſes do declare,
Amongſt themſelves began a Civil War;
For on a ſudden, each his Weapon drew,
And in the Fatal Feud, each other Slew;
And what confirms that ſhe was there, her Son,
Grim Death appear'd, before the Broil begun;
Tho' in his looks a Deadly Paleneſs lies,
Yet I, methought, ſaw Blood ſhot in his Eyes,
He Grimly Glar'd around, I judge to ſee
Whether he'd make a perfect Victory,
Then Gazing round again, he found out me:
And with a Ghaſtly Viſage, ſhook his Dart,
And as I gueſs, 'twas level'd at my Heart;

But

But as he ſtretcht his Arm, to give the Stroke,
I gave a Deadly Groan, and ſo awoke.
I look't to View the Tragick Scene, but they
Vaniſh't, like Night at the Approaching Day.
My Eyes, thoſe Harbingers o'th' Mind, can Spie
Things only preſent, or a Landskip nigh;
But my Prophetick Soul, foreſees the Doom,
And all theſe direful Miſchiefs are to come:
But what doth wreck my Tortur'd Soul, 'tis I
Muſt be the Author of this Miſery;
Poſterity will Curſe my Art, my Name confound,
Wiſhing I were i'th' Drink, or Deluge Drown'd.
But Pardon me, oh Future Age! for you
Mayn't only learn the Sin, but Danger too,
And how to ſhun, that which I never knew!
A Trembling Terror, does my Heart ſurround,
And I am loth the Spirit to expound,
It is a Curſe againſt my Younger Son,
For his Contempt and his Deriſion;
He ſaw me Naked lie, within my Tent,
Then Laughing went his way, his Brothers ſent,
To ſee me Naked too, O Curſed be
Not only him! but all his Progeny!
Servant of Servants, a moſt Wretched Slave,
He ſhall for ever Live, ſo paſs to's Grave.
But Bleſt be *Shem*, his Race ſhall be Divine,
For from his Stock, ſhall ſpring the holy Line;
And Bleſt be *Japhet*'s Offspring, Heav'n will them
Inlarge, and they ſhall Live i'th' Tents with *Shem*.

Now

Now may my Age, in Rest and Peace repose,
And fall like Dew, upon an Ev'ning Rose. [*Exit.*

Enter Shem *and* Japhet

Shem. Like Heav'ns Inhabitants, my Life appears,
Repleat with Joys, and free from Cares and Fears,
Some Cherub sure, does in my Soul reside,
And to Seraphick Bliss my Spirit guide,
For such Transporting Extacies I find,
Does to Immortal Glory lead my Mind;
I on an Angel's Wing, do clip my way,
Leaving the Dregs of Life, this Clod of Clay,
And mount to Heav'n to an Eternal Day.

Japh. Like you, a mighty Joy does through me run,
But all my Bless, is by Reflection,
As the Moon's Light is Borrow'd of the Sun;
So would my Life wear an Eternal Shroud,
But that your Beams, do gild the Sable Cloud;
So in your Tent, I shall desire to stay,
And in soft Peace, to pass my time away,
That when my Circled Years have gone their Round,
I may, like Fleecy Snow, fall gently to the Ground.
[*Exit.*

Enter Ham.

Ham. Since I am Curst, and Curst a Slave to be,
I'll Reign a Royal one, with Majesty.

He

He is a Slave, that hath an abject Soul,
That dares not Fortune's Frowns, with Frowns Controul;
I do Despise her, and Contemn my Fate.
'Tis brave to live Magnificently Great,
So, though a Slave, yet I will live in State.
There's no such thing as Slav'ry can be,
I'm under them, they under him, and he
Unto Heav'n as great a Slave as me.
We all pay Homage, and who Homage gives,
Is mark't a Slave to that Prerogative.
So we must all as Slaves, or as Equals be,
Or else each Man alone's a Monarchy;
But since nor one, nor t'other, it Implies,
That he that dares do most, should highest rise,
By which it follows, that the Bravest Man
Should be on Earth, a Land Leviathan,
And over all, maintain Supremacy,
But if a greater rise on Earth, than he,
He must resign to him, his Sov'reignty.
This is my Rule, and shall my Maxim be,
I'll Conquer all, or all shall Conquer me,
And if i'th' Enterprise I fail, and dye,
I'll in my thoughts, mount Monarch to the Sky. [Exit.

The Scene Changes, and Represents a vast Multitude of People, then shuts.

An Angel Enters.

From Heav'n to Earth, on a Swift Pinion'd Ray,
At the Sun's Darting Beams, I've clipt my way;

T'inform Mankind, they ſhould themſelves Divide,
And dwell ſome remoter Parts Reſide,
For from ſo vaſt a Multitude will riſe,
A Multitude of Endleſs Miſeries,
Innumerable Plagues will fall on Man,
From Multitudes all Diſcords firſt began,
As many Winds, do from a Hurrican.
So to prevent theſe Ills, Heav'n does ordain,
They in far Parts, in Colonies ſhall Reign;
Both Peace and Plenty, from this Spring doth run,
From Diſtance ſure, Friendſhip ne'er firſt begun,
Yet the Moons Nearneſs does Eclipſe the Sun.
If Men this Moral would obſerve, but right,
Of the Diſmantled Sun's Diſrobed Light,
They would like him, good Deeds, for Ill requite;
Though Robb'd of all his Glory, all his Beams,
He gilds her Tawny Face, with Silver Streams.
But Hark! I'm call'd, I muſt with ſpeed away,
Quick as my Flight my Duty does Obey.

[*Aſcends ſwiftly out of ſight.*

Enter Nimrod, Joctan, Saphne, *with an innumerable Hoſt.*

The Scene *the Plain of* Shinar.

Nim. Such a grand Folly ſure did never riſe
I'th' thoughts of Man, to make us Colonies;
For what, to Dwell in diverſe Parts, and Till
The Teeming Earth, and all our Graineries Fill

With

With Fruits thereof; no, we have Plenty Store,
Of Corn, of Wine and Oyl; what need we more?
This is a Trick of Heav'n, I understand,
To Banish us into some Foreign Land,
Where we in Woods, in Rocks and Wilds shall be
Devour'd by Famine, Sickness, Poverty;
So when all's gone, we then too late shall see,
We Masters only are of Slavery;
That we may call our own, and may perchance
Entail it too, on our Inheritance.
Considering this, and all our future Lives,
How Weak, our Children, how unapt our Wives
To travel are, 'tis best we here reside,
And in this Plain of *Shinar* all abide;
Heav'n knows we're Strong, and able to Resist,
But when dispers'd, he'll Rule us as he list.
The Body Politick, like ours should be
Knit close together in joynt Unity,
And not with one another disagree;
For should the Leggs and Arms be took away,
The Body then would prove a lump of Clay,
Defenceless lie, and to each thing a Prey.
'Tis the same Case with us, therefore with speed,
We ought to some great Action to proceed:
My Suffrage is, that we a City rear,
For Strength Impregnable, for Beauty fair,
And lest another Deluge should ensue,
We'll Build a Tow'r, that shall preserve us too."

A Pyramid, which we will raise so high,
The Top thereof, shall peep into the Sky.
By which, we may e'v'n Heav'n it self defy.
Joct. By which, we too shall gain Eternal Fame,
And through the World, blaze our Immortal Name,
Nim. These are my Thoughts, and as I Judge 'tis fit
That every Man to th' Judgment, should submit;
But if you can a better way declare,
Speak, how it shall be done, and when, and where.
Saph. We all agree to what you say, and you
Shall be our Leader, and Commander too.
Nim. Then let us haste to th' Work, this very Hour,
We will begin to Build this Stately Tow'r;
So many Hands will make the Work seem small,
And in an Instant we shall raise it all.
The World's great Fabrick, we will imitate
In Bigness, and in Swiftness too, like that;
Built only, with a LET IT BE, by Fate.
That when 'tis done, we may all stand Amaz'd,
At the Prodigious Work, our Hands have rais'd;
It's Turret too, shall so o'er all prevail,
The Highest Mountain shall seem to't a Vale.
Joct. We Storms and Tempests then may fear no more,
And hear beneath our Feet Heav'ns Thunder Roar.
Nim. It's Top with Diamonds, and Burnish't Gold,
And Glittering Chrystial, shall shine so far,
When Travellers from far, the Sight behold
They shall mistake it for the Morning Star.

[*Exeunt.*

[*The*

The Scene shifts, and Represents the Building of Babel, *some Digging, others making of Brick and tempering of Mortar.* Nimrod, Joctan *and* Saphne *giving them Directions.*

An Angel *flies swiftly down, and hovers perpendicularly over the Tow'r.*

Ang. To Visit Man, once more from Heav'n I'm come,
To Dash their Pride, and to Pronounce their Doom.
See with what Frantick Madness they run on,
And Build with th' Tow'r, their own Destruction,
For Raising that, pulls Fate the faster down;
Like Icy Mountains, they this Structure Scale,
When near the top, their Feet then soonest fail.
Such a Prepost'rous Zeal was never seen,
They reach at Heav'n, whilst their Feet tread on Sin;
In their Clay-Frames, they would their Souls Refine,
As *Eve* i'th Apple thought to be Divine.
But they like her, their *Eden* shall forego,
And wander Vagabonds i'th World below.
The Hunter shall himself be made a Prey,
His Subjects shall Rebel and Disobey,
And in a Fury, throw their Tools away.
Thus o'er the Tow'r, I wave this Sacred Wand,
And on Mankind, lay Heav'ns great Command,
Their Native Language, none shall understand.
Each Man a several Spirit shall possess,
And in in strange Words, his stranger Sense express;
And though in Tongues, they have increas'd their Store,
Yet, Miser-like, they'r midst their Plenty Poor;

Such horrid Jangling of a Hideous Noise,
Shall be expreſt, by each particular Voice;
They Hoarſe with Gabling, Silently ſhall go,
To Foreign Parts, their unknown Fate to know;
And to their Wiſh, they ſhall a Name obtain,
Which to the end of all things ſhall remain.
But like the dreadful latter End, their Fate,
Shall ſtand Aghaſt, and for Confuſion wait;
Their Proud Imperial Tow'r, ſhall by Heav'ns Ire,
Fall down, and ſhrink like Parchment in the Fire.
Once more, my fatal Wand I wave around,
Thunder and Lightning fall, and cruſh it to the Ground,
Their Speech, ſhall with their *Babel* too, expire,
What they thought ſafe from Floods, ſhall be Deſtroy'd by Fire.

[*They all diſperſe themſelves to ſeveral parts of the Earth, but as they go, with Amazement, they look back on their Tow'r, ſurrounded with bellowing Thunder and Flakes of Lightning.*

[*The* Angel *flyes to Heav'n.*